

Hope of Immortality

“... when the next sun will rise thee life shall end,” Perfection told Book in her dream.

She woke up, the great Æon æself had warned her to finish her work, her last hope to gain immortality through creation. She stood up and looked at the window, today’s sun had already risen. She dashed to her desk, took a wad of sheets and started writing.

After several hours, Book’s pylons warned her that someone was coming. *By Fate, the repairer!*

Book dashed to the door and opened it. The other dwarf immediately started, “Hello there, I’m here for the crystal and the d—”

“Sorry, we’ll have to reschedule, I’m busy,” Book answered and slammed the door shut. She then drifted back to her desk avoiding the scattered pages.

She wrote without a stop but thirst and hunger started bothering her mind. She opened a drawer, took up a bottle of brandy and tried to open it but the cork was stuck.

“Not now!” she shouted as she forced. The corked popped up which spread most of the brandy all over herself. She drank the last third of the content in one gulp, threw the bottle away and got back to work, undisturbed by her damped clothes.

When the last sunlight disappeared she cursed herself for now she had to use her candles, which gave her headache, as the crystal was still broken. She lit them up on the desk and got back to work.

Before the new day’s light, Book scribed the last character. Her work was done, she would get fame. She smiled and fell asleep on her desk.

Not even an hour later, Book woke up and saw sunlight. *I'm still alive!* she thought.

She stood up which pulled a sheet glued to her arm, all that was on the desk fell on the floor. Book cried as a dying candle set fire to her work. She tried to put off the flames but only succeeded to set herself in fire. She screamed.

People came to the door. They ramed against it; it was jammed again, the repairer hadn't fixed it.

So Book died in pain as she watched disappearing her last hope of immortality.